

# The Forgotten Adventures of Shephard and Freeman

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Summary: If you thought Freeman did nothing in his imprisoned state, you were wrong! The Forgotten Adventures follows the GMan's intermediary mission for Shephard and Freeman. What are his intentions? Who knows!

## 1. Introduction

**\*\*The Forgotten Adventures of Shephard and Freeman!\*\***

The G-Man likes to create his own entertainment as he casually moves between periods of time and space. During the multiple decade gap between Half-Life and its sequel, an unlikely duo were temporarily awakened from the eternal G-Man void to fight crime on the mean streets of gang-land cities! The G-Man's intentions are once again largely unknown in this latest endeavour.

Gordon "silent but deadly" Freeman, theoretical physicist and unstoppable killing machine leans towards the 'shoot first, ask questions later' side of crime-fighting due to his apparent incapability to speak. His demeanour is cold at best, although he secretly keeps a diary of his quite extraordinary life.  
> Freeman possesses the uncanny ability to lift inanimate objects and drive vehicles without the use of his arms and his HEV (Hazardous Environment) suit allows him to sustain far more damage than humanly possible.<p>

Adrian Shephard, former US Marine and champion rope-climber has retired the gas-mask and military regalia to act as the calm, responsible antidote to Freeman's violent persona. Shepard leads the investigation/interrogation aspect of the duo's job.  
> Although less rampaging and violent than Freeman, don't knock his skill with all armaments, he always pulls through when the duo get into a tight spot!<p>

Can such a hostile couple possibly get along? Will they be able to set aside their obvious differences for the sake of the people of

many generic fair cities? Find out in the first chapter...

**\*\*An Unlikely Combination\*\***  
> Coming June 2006!<p>

\_Forget episodes! Forget confused reunions! Forget irritating sidekicks! But don't forget the adventures of Shephard and Freeman!\_

## 2. An Unlikely Combination

**\*\*The Forgotten Adventures of Shephard and Freeman!\*\***

**\*\*An Unlikely Combination\*\***

Adrian Shephard had grown accustomed to nothingness after what had seemed like many years in perpetual confinement. The train he was imprisoned in seemed to drift endlessly in the void. Shephard took his time to test whether it was possible to jump at the front of the train so as to be flung backwards, providing no end of amusement in an empty void. So at a particular moment in time when a bright light burst into the carriage, the initial reaction was somewhat subdued. But when the lean, smart-dressed man stepped through the light, Shephard was overcome with hope and was quick to address the G-Man,

"Are you letting me go?"

"For a time...my employers require your co-operation..."

Before he was given a chance to respond the bright light engulfed him and took him away.

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\_From the desk of Dr Gordon Freeman Ph.D.\_

\_Today was just like any other day in stasis, well except I've been teleported into a big city somewhere in some time by that creepy guy in the suit. Why can't he talk like a normal person? I mean he'd be a nice enough guy if he didn't insist on talking like a robot and pulling really evil faces all the time! But enough about that. I tried to find out where I was but everyone gawks at me like I'm an alien or something! I was like, "Is the zip open on my HEV suit?" Anyway, I'm off to explore now, and to find another crowbar!\_

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The bright light faded away and Shephard landed gently on his feet but in a strangely confined space. It seemed as though the G-Man, in his seemingly limitless power had goofed and accidentally transported Shephard into a public toilet cubicle.

The slip-up meant little to Shephard who casually unlocked the door and left the cubicle. That was until a shrill high-pitched scream rattled his head and he turned around to be greeted by a distressed woman in utter confusion. Normally this would have been due to the man in the wrong restroom except that Shephard had not anticipated still being fully dressed in his marine uniform, complete with gas

mask.

Shephard beat a hasty retreat before any other unfortunate souls should encounter the strange sight. His mind was clouded with anxious thoughts at that moment, so much so that he had not considered exactly where to run to and soon found himself in the middle of a busy street. Many people stopped and stared in silence at the alien individual who had appeared. The scene grew increasingly tense and increasingly quiet and so Shephard decided to answer the greatest anxiety in his head at the time. He stepped forward, tore off his gas mask and yelled,

"I'm a maniac with a gun! Everyone get out of my way!"

The wild and frantic scene he had predicted after this outburst never came to be and the majority of people simply looked blankly at the stranger except for a handful of people who found his outburst highly amusing. As the crowd dispersed, he made a rapid dash towards a clothes shop but slipped down an empty alley adjacent to the building. Thinking ahead for the first time, he removed the survival bag from his back and began to disassemble his marine equipment. Shephard was able to compact the majority of his uniform, helmet and gas mask into the bag leaving him in a particularly sweaty t-shirt, combat trousers and boots. The clothing may have been well and truly battle-worn after Black Mesa but it would suffice so as to allow him to blend into the crowds considerably more easily than before.

He slung the backpack over his shoulder and made his way to the street again. He took a fleeting glance at a newspaper stand and perusing past the headline \_"ARMOURED NUTCASE ARRESTED" \_he read the small print of the date, September 2003.

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Meanwhile in a dingy interrogation room, Freeman sat at on end of a desk, still in his HEV suit. Opposite him sat a uniformed officer and a particularly stressed police captain.

The captain leaned over the desk and said in a lacklustre tone, "Okay spaceman, d'you know why we've arrested you?"

Freeman looked at the captain, not saying a word.

"...All right then I'll tell you! Officer Barnes here arrested you for vandalism and reckless behaviour. I'll be blunt here, what the hell were you playin' at smashing up crates with a rusty crowbar!"

The captain slammed his fists on the desk in anger, "I'm not even gonna ask where you got that crowbar from, but I'd love to know what the hell you were thinkin', destroying that store owner's merchandise!"

Freeman did little to appease the captain's anger, looking blankly at the policeman. He then performed an unusual feat in front of the interrogators. He picked up a glass of water and proceeded to drink from it without using his hands. The two policemen now stared blankly at Freeman and this bizarre act of apparent levitation.

However the amazement soon turned to anger at Freeman's reluctance to

speak. The captain grew increasingly agitated at Freeman so Barnes now accompanied the captain's questions and looking Freeman directly in the eye, he shouted, "Answer the damn questions, maggot!"

The captain stood up and marched towards the door. He spoke to the Officer, "Forget it. The shopkeeper won't press charges anyway, just get rid of him before I do somethin' I might regret!"

The captain stormed down the corridor to his office and promptly closed the door behind him with a bang. Officer Barnes led Freeman to the exit.

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Shephard stood in one of the changing rooms of the clothes shop. He had changed out of the well-used marine uniform and was now wearing a suit and a pair of formal shoes. As he admired the snappy ensemble in the mirror a thought struck him: he didn't have any money. Shephard's mind rushed back to Boot Camp, to his foot locker, where inside he had left his wallet for safekeeping before the mission at Black Mesa.

He thumped the wall in anger at the unfortunate incident. He began to unlace the shiny shoes when an idea struck him. Standing up on the seat he peeped over the door of the cubicle and scoured the shop floor. Numerous clothes racks were positioned in a convenient order around the room and a shop assistant strolled between them. He then looked towards the opposite corner of the shop and spied the fire exit. The target was set and he devised a cunning scheme to escape from the enemy fortress.

He waited for the assistant to walk far enough from the changing rooms and then gently unlocked the door and opened it slowly. He crept alongside the changing rooms, keeping low enough to not be spotted. He stopped momentarily next to the last changing room to survey the fire exit. Just as he was about to make his last few silent steps, the door of the cubicle swung open, whacking him on the head. A loud "ow" slipped from his mouth, attracting the attention of the shop assistant.

"Is there something wrong over there?"

Shephard froze in panic, \_"Oh crap, oh crap, oh crap" \_he thought as the assistant began to approach the cubicle. Regaining his senses he made a final stealthy dash for the exit and burst through the door, closing it behind him gently. Mission successful...

He breathed a long sigh of relief as he leaned on the door. However by chance, at almost the exact moment, a door opened at the other end of the alleyway next to the shop and Gordon Freeman stumbled out. The back door of the police station slammed shut behind him.

Both men began to walk their own way, neither having properly recognised the other. As they drew nearer both simultaneously realised just who they were looking at.

Both had the same initial reaction although it was unsurprisingly Shephard who said, "You again!"

Each glared furiously at the other before they approached each other.

Within seconds, a violent and clumsy fist fight ensued as Gordon Freeman and Adrian Shephard vented their anger on each other. Amongst the flailing attacks, Shephard miraculously landed a punch right on Freeman's jaw while Freeman retaliated promptly with a brutal, misguided punch into the stomach. After an absurd moment of wild, inaccurate punches, Shephard managed to capture Freeman in a headlock and said, "I've been looking forward to this for six years you son of a..."

Freeman hauled Shephard to the floor and repeatedly punched him in the stomach while still caught in a headlock. The ridiculous scene continued until the back doors of both the police station and the clothes shop opened and the pair were surrounded by various policemen and the shop owner. They paused and looked at one officer holding a set of handcuffs.

Shephard released Freeman from his headlock, "Oops."

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Back inside the police station, Freeman and Shephard sat opposite each other in a holding cell, bruised and scarred and not saying a word. It was hard to believe that the events of one particular day for two people could have exactly coincided in the way they did.

After a great deal of time had passed in total silence, the police captain appeared outside the cell and said, "I've been speakin' with your lawyer and I've agreed to let you two go, \_if\_ you'll do us a favour..."

Shephard spoke to the captain, "What lawyer?"

"Never seen him before. Creepy guy, he's got a bit of a problem talkin' normal. Said his name is Mr G. Mann."

Freeman and Shephard looked at each other curiously. Then from a windowed office behind the captain, the G-Man came into view. He glanced at the hopeless pair then characteristically straightened his tie and strolled out of sight again.

"Well that's just great..."

### 3. Subtle Investigation

**\*\*Subtle Investigation\*\***

\_From the prison cell of Dr Gordon Freeman Ph.D.\_

\_I'll be brief because \_GI Jerk \_next to me keeps peeking at my journal! Things have gone from good to great to bad today. Why the 'great'? Well it's because I totally kicked army man's ass earlier! That's to say before the cops broke up the fight. And there's the 'bad' part! I'm in jail and about to be bossed around by G-Man just like before! Nothing has really changed to be honest....\_

The pair had stewed in the cramped holding cell for what had seemed like an eternity. Both men sensed the cruel irony of their being released from the G-Man's impossible prison. After Freeman had

finished writing in his diary he leaned against the wall of the cell impatiently. He sat up, holding the edge of the seat and began tapping his fingers in his boredom. Across from Freeman, Shephard flinched at the sound.

Becoming quickly agitated, he snapped at Gordon, "Cut it out will you!"

Freeman, equally impatient, stood up suddenly. Shephard stood up and marched towards him saying, "You want a piece of me?"

A clang on the door of the cell quickly ceased the impending battle. They both faced the captain in the open doorway.

\* \* \*

>In the familiar interrogation room, the Captain sat with Shephard and Freeman. Light passed through the narrow windows, leaving a dull glow in the room. In the centre of the desk, a substantial stack of files stood between them.<p><p>

"All right now, since you've agreed to co-operate I can show you these to give you some idea of what you're up against."

The captain gestured to the pile on the desk, "We've been up against a fresh wave of organised crime in the past two years and so far we've made no progress in catchin' the crooks in this list."

Shephard cut in, "So what do you want us to do?"

"Well from what your lawyer was tellin' me, you guys are better trained than my entire squad!"

Shephard sighed in annoyance at the response while Freeman grinned inanely from the compliment at his skills.

"So basically, we want you to do the job for us. It's a tall order, I know but either you get on with it or I throw your asses back in jail! Now look at this."

The captain took the top file from the stack and opened it in front of the two. Shephard looked at the file, propping himself up on his elbow. The file contained a street map and photos of an abandoned warehouse.

"We've had reports of some shady characters movin' around in here and it's lookin' to be another of their operations. I need you goons to take a look around the joint, find something incriminating and then report back to me."

Shephard looked noticeably distressed at the challenge, "Won't we get caught doing this? I mean this guy isn't exactly discreet!"

He pointed at Freeman who in turn pointed at himself in a sheepish manner.

The captain slammed his fist on the desk, "Well then you better cover your tracks because we ain't gonna be there if you get in trouble!"

Both Shephard and Freeman jumped back in surprise at his outburst. The captain regained a more calm composure and continued, "Besides, they only seem to operate at night so you'll be safe as long as you get out before dark."

"I'd like to confirm something," Shephard said, "if we are able to catch these crooks and lock them up, will you let us go?"

Freeman nodded his head in agreement.

"I don't see why not." The captain said calmly.

Finally there was a glimmer of hope! The long isolated captivity was over, but now they had a new prison from which to be released. This time liberation would be determined by the efforts of the two captives.

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>The fresh air outside of the police station was a welcome change from the claustrophobic interior of the building. Shephard and Freeman stood on the street, looking out into the depths of the city. After several years in the secretive, enclosed corridors of Black Mesa and the perpetual darkness of the G-Man's prison, the open air and blue sky were almost overwhelming.<p><p>

They walked casually towards their destination in silence. Occasionally passers-by stared at Freeman who looked rather strange alongside Shephard who had taken the wiser decision to blend in with the crowd.

When they reached a quiet spot Shephard said, "Now I know we haven't exactly seen eye to eye in the past, what with me having been on a secret mission to destroy you and all of your companions. But this time around I think we need to resolve our differences for the sake of getting out of this situation in one piece."

Freeman looked at him blankly as he continued, "Let me begin. I'm sorry I tried to kill you when you were jumping into that weird portal. Umm... I'm also sorry my army buddies killed a whole lot of those scientists, however I will state that I did not engage in scientist-hunting like the rest of them...Oh! And I'm also sorry about attacking you and calling you names earlier! All right, now it's your turn."

A long pause followed, Shephard waited for any kind of response but received another blank stare.

Shephard sighed and said, "Tell me, how did you manage to communicate with all those scientists without actually saying a word?"

Another long pause followed. Shephard began to get a little frustrated at Freeman's lack of contribution to the apologising.

"Okay then, how about we just shake hands to signify your will to co-operate..."

Shephard offered his hand to Freeman who unsurprisingly made no

reaction. Shephard, still acting with ever more challenging civility said, "I'm going to assume the lack of reaction is your thing and not that you won't help me out here..."

Shephard stopped mid-sentence when he spotted two rather fragile looking benches nearby. A cunning plan formed quickly and so he once again addressed the silent protagonist.

"Say, Gordon. If you're willing to work with me, hit the \_left \_bench with your crowbar, if not then hit the other one!"

Freeman's eyes lit up at the proposal. He drew the trusty crowbar from behind him, then looked carefully at the two breakable objects. Shephard checked his watch, waiting patiently for the slow-witted scientist to make his mind up.

Another long moment passed before suddenly, Freeman launched at the left-hand bench, wildly flailing the crowbar at the rotting wood. Shephard observed the unyielding destruction with a satisfied smile. He checked over his shoulder as he thought, \_"It's a good thing no-one is watching this!"\_

Eventually Shephard approached his unpredictable partner through the flying splintered wood. He stood over Freeman, who was now hacking repeatedly at the small fragments of wood left at his feet.

"Okay, Gordon I don't think you can cause any more damage to that bench now!"

Freeman calmly stood up next to Shephard, brushed off the remaining dust from the bench and waited for his next instruction.

Shephard addressed his eager partner, "Well, it's good to see we can get along with regards to smashing things!"

Shephard looked at his watch again. The day was almost at an end and the two had yet to reach speaking terms.

"Yikes! We'd better get a move on, it's almost sundown!"

Shephard ushered Freeman forward in a hurry, there was no time to spare. Yet Shephard, still haunted by memories of his imprisonment glanced anxiously over his shoulder at their rest spot, convinced that he had seen the pale, ghostly figure of his former captor watching their progress.

\* \* \*

>Fortunately for Shephard and Freeman, they had unintentionally moved close to their destination and it was only a few minutes before they arrived. Shephard assessed the building briefly while Freeman poked at a nearby crate with the crowbar. The place certainly looked abandoned, the large front door was chained up with a particularly rusty padlock holding it together. There were several windows at the front that had been boarded up fairly recently as the wood had not been weathered like the rest of the exterior.<p><p>

Freeman, content with his smashing, approached his temporary partner, currently deep in contemplation of how to enter the warehouse. Freeman looked at the rusty chains and began tapping them with his



crowbar. Shephard continued to think over the problem, but he soon became agitated at Freeman's incessant tapping on the rusted metal. He turned suddenly, about to scold his partner for the infantile behaviour when he noticed one of the links split from the crowbar hits.

Shephard said excitedly, "Gordon, you're a genius!"

Freeman appreciated the praise he had received again. After all, despite the uncontrollable urge to break inanimate objects, he was a doctor!

Shephard continued, "See that padlock there? I need you to hit it as hard as you can with that crowbar of yours!"

Shephard stepped far aside from the door as Freeman prepared to swing the crowbar. He drew his arm back and then with tremendous force he flung the crowbar down onto the padlock, smashing the lock apart. He stood back, grinning at his new found usefulness towards the mission.

Shephard proceeded to unravel the chain from the door handles and leaning close to the door, gently opened it. He looked through the partial gap in the doorway but there was nothing to see but darkness. He tried to move the door further open but it stopped with a thud against an obstructing object. Already anxious at the time of day, Shephard forced the door open with all his strength, pushing the heavy object across the floor.

Entering the darkened space, Shephard began fumbling around near the door, trying to find a light switch.

"Hey Gordon, help me find a..."

His sentence was cut short by a loud click sound. Shephard turned around only to be blinded by the powerful flash light from the HEV suit.

"Damn it! Try shining it somewhere else, Gordon!"

Shephard followed the light around the large empty room. It brushed over the expanse of the dusty floor around the room but they found nothing suspicious or even anything at all. The large object that had been obstructing the door appeared to be a part of a disused printing press.

The light continued to scan the floor and walls of the room until Shephard noticed an imperfection in the dusty floor. He moved closer to the spot to affirm his suspicions. There was a large track in the dust, as though something heavy had been dragged across the room.

Shephard instructed his partner, "Shine that light of yours along this trail, would you?"

Freeman, who was becoming increasingly responsive shone the light directly beneath him and began to follow the trail across the room. Shephard followed closely behind Freeman, following the trail until it reached the end of the warehouse. Freeman, who was looking directly down at the trail, continued along until he walked straight

into the wall, shortly followed by Shephard who had been looking elsewhere for evidence.

Shephard, who was quickly learning not to react to his partner's apparent stupidity, observed the track in the dust turning to another direction. He directed Freeman again.

"Shine the light along the wall, there must be a door somewhere!"

Sure enough, the light uncovered another set of double doors, this time with no locks. For the first time, Freeman took charge and opened the unlocked doors. Shephard looked blankly at this spectacle. It was not so much the conscious effort to progress that astounded him, but the fact that Freeman's hands had remained by his sides while the handle on the door had turned and opened.

However, his amazement was now drawn from the inside of the room, for when Freeman opened the doors, the light had revealed a room full of large crates, stacked up to the ceiling. Shephard withdrew momentarily to search again for a light switch. Surprisingly, there was a switch this time. Further more it was in a sensible place next to the door! Shephard gladly flicked the switch, causing two rows of lights to slowly and noisily illuminate the room.

At seeing the huge expanse of destructible objects, Freeman was practically shaking on the spot. It was not long before he withdrew the crowbar and took a powerful swing at one of the boxes. Shephard, who heard the loud crack, rushed to Freeman and snatched the crowbar from his hand.

"Stop, you idiot! We've got to be discreet about this! We're here to see some incriminating stuff and then leave. Quietly!"

He looked at the crate his partner had attempted to break into and used the crowbar to carefully pry open the lid. With some leverage, the lid creaked open and Shephard handed the crowbar back to Freeman.

Shephard, looking suitably smug said, "Now that's how you're supposed to use it!"

Freeman looked at the crowbar in his hand and scratched the top of his head. Shephard brushed away the packaging inside the crate, bit by bit revealing an assortment of US army munitions and explosives. Opening several more crates confirmed the presence of the undoubtedly incriminating supply.

Shephard pulled his partner over to the open crate, "This is exactly what we need! Do you know what this means! Once we show this to the chief, we're free to..."

Only partially completing his joyous exclamation did he stumble upon a painful realisation, "Umm... Say Gordon, you wouldn't happen to have a camera... hidden... somewhere in that suit?"

Freeman made an 'empty pockets' gesture to his partner, looking sorry. Shephard slumped down next to the crates.

"Well that's just great. Fantastic! Brilliant!"

After a long silence, Shephard composed himself, "I guess we'll have to reseal the boxes and come back another day with a camera."

He stood up and began to close the lids of the crates when he heard the entrance doors, open and voices emerge from outside. Shephard rushed to the doors to the room, turned the lights off and closed the doors. He sat down in front of the door and looked back at Freeman who was stocking up on light weaponry from the last open crate.

Shephard whispered harshly, "Oh that's a great idea, Einstein! We'll just attack the first guys who enter the building! What if they're police or civilians?"

Freeman silently contemplated the issue before sheepishly replacing the guns he had selected, and sat down next to his partner. Shephard listened again for the intruders. It appeared as though they were still hovering around the entrance, puzzled at the shattered lock.

Then the clicking sound of the flashlight emerged from Freeman and he noticed the light shining in a small door towards the back of the room. It was easy to miss, partially concealed by the illegal stock in the way. Shephard whispered to his partner, "Head for that door!"

They both crept quietly towards the door as loud footsteps drew closer to the room. Having reached the door, Shephard reached for the handle as the doors to the room flung open. Moments before they were spotted, the pair burst out of the door into the open yard next to the facility. However, Shephard couldn't help but notice a separate click and the clang of a small object hitting the floor before they left.

Shephard grabbed Freeman, "What did you just drop!"

Freeman smiled innocently at him when Shephard spotted the grenade pin between his fingers.

"Oh you can't be serious..."

End  
file.